THE MIDDLETEMPLEMURDER A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

the exclaimed sharply, "I can't a-bear the exclaimed sharply. "I can't a-bear to be jumped out of my skin, and it's he writes a bit—I have accepted two or three articles of his for our literary bad manners. I observed that the gen-

tleman's name was Elphick."

Spargo contrived to get in a glance at his proprietor and his editor—a glance which came near to being a wink.

"Just so—Elphick," he said. "A law gentleman I think you said, Mrs. Gutch?"

"I said." answered Mrs. Gutch, "as how he looked like a lawyer gentleman. And since you're so particular young man, though I wasn't addressing you but your principals, he was a lawyer gentleman. One of the sort that wears wigs and gowns—ain't I seen his picture in Jane Buylis's room

"I said." answered Mrs. Gutch, "as how he looked like a lawyer gentleman. And since you're so particular, young man, though I wasn't addressing you but your principals, he was a lawyer gentleman. One of the sort that wears wigs and gowns—ain't I seen his picture in Jane Baylis's room at the boarding house where you saw her this morning?"

"Elderly han?" Asked Spargo.

"Elderly he will be now," replied the informant; "but when he took the boy away he was a midde-aged man. About his age," she added, pointing to the editor in a fashion which made that worthy man wince and the proprietor desire to laugh unconsumedly, "and not so very unlike him neither, being one as had no hair on his face."

"Ah!" said Spargo. "And where "Ah!" said Spargo. "And wher

the editor in a fashion which made that worthy man wince and the properletor desire to laugh unconsumedly; "and not so very unlike him neither, being one as had no hair on his face." "Ah!" said Spargo. "And where did this Mr. Eiphick take the boy, Mrs. Gutch?"

But Mrs. Gutch shook her head.
"Ain't no idea," she said. "He took him. Then, as I told you, Maitland of whom Mrs. Gutch in his pockets, and began to pace the room.
"If that's so," he said, "if that's so, the mystery deepens. What do you propose to do, Spargo?"
"I think," said Spargo, slowly. "I think the boy was dead. And after that to see young Breton and get an introduction from him to Mr. Elphick. I the boy. She kept a tight tongue. the boy. She kept a tight tongue. can make a good excuse for wanting an Once or twice I asked her, and she interview with him. If you will icave it in my hands——"
"Yes, yes!" said the proprietor, wavbe as old as Methusalem.' And she ing a hand. "Leave it entirely in never said more, and I never said more. Spargo's hands."
But," continued Mrs. Gutch, whose "Keep me informed," said the editor. ocket-flask was empty, and who began o wipe tears away. "she's treated ne hard has Jane Baylis, never allowing me a little comfort such as a lady of my age should have, and when I hears the two of you a talking this morning the other side of that privet hedge, thinks I, 'Now's the time to

have my knife into you, my fine to madam!' And I hope I done it."

Spargo looked at the editor and the proprietor, nodding his head slightly.

He meant them to understand that he got all he wanted from Mother

"What are you going to do. Mrs. Gutch, when you leave here?" he asked. "You shall be driven straight back to Bayswater, if you like."

back to Bayswater, if you like."

"Which I shall be ooliged for, young man," said Mrs. Gutch, "and like-wise for the first week of the annuity, and will call every Saturday for the same at 11 punctual, or can be posted to me on a Friday, whichever is agreeable to you gentleme?. And having my first week in my purse, and being driven to Bayswater, I shall take my boxes and go to a friend of mine where I shall be hearty welcome, shaking the flust of my feet off against Jane Bayils and where I've been living with her."

"Yes. but. Mrs. Gutch." said door, beckoned the journalist to follow him, and led him into an inner room.

"I say, Spargo!" he said, as he motioned his visitor to take'a chair, "This is becoming something more than serious. You know what you told me to do yesterday as regards Aylmore?"

"To get him to tell all?—Yes," said Spargo.

"Stratton—his solicitor, you know—and I saw him this morning before the olice court proceedings." he continued. "I told him of my talk with you;

"Yes. but. Mrs. Gutch." said or, breckoned the journalist to follow him, and led him into an inner room.

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"To get him to tell all?—Yes," said spargo.

"Stratton—his solicitor, you know—and I saw him this morning before the olice court proceedings." he continued. "I told him not an inner room.

go, and see her all right, and then come to my toom," said the editor. "And don't you forget, Mrs. Gutch—keep a

Governont, 1920. Fred A. Knopf. Co. | quiet tongue in your head—no more talk—or there'll be no annuities on Sat-

**TERY good." said the proprietor, "Go on." But Spargo intervened.
"Did you ever hear the name of the gentleman who took the boy away?" he laked.
"Yes, I did," replied Mrs. Gutch. "Of course I did. Which it was liphick."

CHAPTER XXVI

CHAPTER XXVI

SHII Silent

Lalk—or there'll be no annuities on Saturday mornings."
So Spargo took Mother Gutch to the cashier's department and paid her her first week's money, and he got her a taxicab and paid for it, and saw her depart, and then he went to the editor's room, strangely thoughtful. The editor and the proprietor were talking, but they stopped when Spargo entered and looked at him eagerly.

"I think we've done it," said Spargo quietly.

and looked at the startler of them with an ame and address—Ronald Breton, with the blip malevolence.

"Don't do that again, young man!" Well?"

page." Well?"

"Do what you think. It strikes me on're on the track.

Spargo left their presence, and, going back to his own room, still faintly redo ent of the personality of Mrs. Gutch, got hold of the reporter who had been present at Bow street when Aylmore was brought up that morning. There was nothing new; the authorities had merely asked for another remand. So far as the reporter knew, Avimore had

Spargo went round to the Temple and up to Round Breton's chambers. He found the young barrister just preparing to leave, and looking unusually grave and thoughtful. At sight of Spargo he turned back from his outer door, beckened the journalist to follow

and where I've been living with her.

"Yes, but, Mrs. Gutch," said

Spargo, with some anxiety, "if you go back there tonight, you'll be very man office. Stratton and I both begged him to take your advice and tell all, you've been here and told us all this."

Mrs. Gutch rose, dignified and combosed.

"Yes mean office, Stratton and I both begged him to take your advice and tell all, everything, no matter at what cost to his private feelings. We pointed out to him the serious nature of the evidence against him; how he had damaged well, but you ain't used to dealing with himself by not telling the whole truth ladies. I can keep my tongue as still as at once; how he had certainly done a anybody when I like. I wouldn't tell great deal to excite suspicion against Jane Baylis my affairs—my new affairs, himself; how, as the evidence stands at gentlemen, thanks to you—not for two annuities, paid twice a week!"

"Take Mrs. Gutch downstairs, Spargo, and see her all right, and then come good, Spargo!"

"Ile won't say anything?"

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

THE GUMPS-Oh, Hum! What's \$10,000?

EST WE FORGET \$ 10.00000 WAS GIVEN TO ANDY BY UNCLE BIM ON HIS LAST TRIP AND THAT \$10,000.00 IS STILL INTACT-AND IT IS SOON GOING



NO MAN EVER GOT RICH SAVING MONEY - A FELLOW MIGHT ACQUIRE A COMFORTABLE LITTLE FORTUNE IF HE WORKED A LIFE TIME- AT LEAST ENOUGH TO PAY HIS WAY IN THE OLD PEOPLE'S HOME

Conveight, 1990, by the Telleme Co. I CAH REMEMBER WHEN \$10,000. WAS A LOT OF MONEY - YOU COULDN'T SHOOT A SHOT GUN DOWN THE STREET NOW DAYS, WITHOUT KILLING THREE OR FOUR MILLIONAIRES - YOU NEVER SEE THE PRESIDENT OF A BANK RUNNING THE SE #10,000 ... BIRDS -THEY HAVE TO STAND IN LINE -

THOSE BIG MONEYED GUYS -OFFICE WITHOUT KNOCKING



WHEN I STARY TO SPECULATE PLACE THOSE GUYS UP AT THE BLACK BOARD USE UP A LOT OF CHALK-YOU'LL SEE THE SPARKS FLY OUT OF THAT TICKER- THEY'LL HAVE TOGET AN AUTOMATIC FEEDER TO FEED IT TAPE -WHEN OLD ANDY GETS GOING THEY BETTER LOCK UP THEIR DOUGH IN A SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX- I'LL GET ALL THERE IS IN CIRCULATION-



-:-

PETEV_Inet Waste of Time, That's All

GOSH WONT THE GANG AT THE OFFICE BE ENVIOUS WHEN I TELL EM OF ALL THE FUN I HAD AT PALM BEACH THE POOR LOBSTERS -



-:-



-::

- OH, MISS PIPPIL! -- WHY SHE WAS A STENOG WE PUT ON JUST AFTER YOU LEFT FOR PALM BEACH - SHE LEFT US THIS MORNING THO" - SAY, OLD DEAR - WHAT KIND OF A TIME DID YOU HAVE DOWN THERE!

.:-

The Young Lady Across the Way

Aunt Eppie Hogg, the Fattest Woman in Three Counties

By Fontaine Fox

"CAP" STUBBS-THAT'S LOGICAL

-:-

By EDWINA

Bu C. A. Voight



The young lady across the way says a good political orator never reads his address, but always speaks in extenso

OH WE GOT ONE FOOT UNCOVERED AND A PLANK UNDER IT BUT SHE'S LEANIN' A LOT "YOU COME OUT AND LIABLE TO AND REST AND FALL OVER LET THE LITTLE JOKES BOY DIG AWHILE OH DEAR

> AUNT EPPIE YERY FOOLISHLY STARTED TO WALK UP THE ROAD ACROSS THE MEADOWS AND GOT STUCK IN THE MUD. IT WAS ALMOST SUNDOWN BEFORE THEY COULD DIG HER OUT AGAIN.







DREAMLAND ADVENTURES THE FLYING FROGS By DADDY

(Peggy and Billy, going with Balky Ham to Birdland, find flying frogs in the nests of the birds. The frogs pretend to have magic and scare Balky Sam away.)

CHAPTER VI The Flying Frogs Fly

BALKY SAM fled swiftly, madly through the woods. He wanted to get far, far away from the supposed magic of the feathered flying frogs. And Judge Owl, who was also afraid of the magic charm in the bulging, goggly eyes of the frogs, was urging him to go faster. Judge Owl couldn't see well in the day-time, and he thought the maple sirup kettle in which the frogs were making themselves sticky was a magic kettle turning them into real flying frogs. He hadn't noticed the torn feather-bed where the frogs were getting their bor-

rowed feathers.

Peggy and Billy couldn't stop Balky
Sam until he was almost at the edge
of the woods. Then they told him and
Judge Owl what they had seen through the crack in the sugar-maker's shed and how the flying frogs were only regular frogs with feathers stuck on

Peggy and Billy thought it was a good joke on them, but Balky Sam was mad clear through when he found that the flying frogs were just hopping frogs and that their bulging, goggly eyes were not magic making eyes, but only regular

not magic making eyes, but only regular fros eyes.

And Judge Owl was mad, too. He had been shut up for three days by the flying frogs, and during those three days he had been very hungry and much ed over what was going to happen

to him.

"I'll eat 'em," he hooted. "I never ate a frog before, but I'm hungry enough to eat an alligator."

"Hee-haw! I'll show 'em what it means to scare an army mule," brayed Balky Sam, and he raced back to the sugar camp as fast as he had fled away from it.

No frogs were in sight, for they had

from it.

No frogs were in sight, for they had all been changed into flying frogs and had gone to Chief Freeful Frog in the nests of the birds. But Balky Sam didn't know this, and in trying to find them he banged down the door of the shed and then kicked around inside until he had smashed over the maple arup kettle and sent feathers flying through the air.

A fine shower of sirup sprayed Pages.

A fine shower of sirup sprayed Peggy.

A fine shower of sirup sprayed Peggy.

Billy and Balky Sam. The flying feathers settled on this sticky spray, spd. the first thing they all knew Balky Sam had been changed into a feathered

army mule, and Peggy and Billy had been turned into feathered children. Back to the nests of Birdland gal-oped Balky Sam, and when they got there they found the trees swarming with feathered frogs croaking away as loudly as they could croak.
"From homes in mire, we've moved up higher!

Cro-ax! Cro-ax!" Chief Fretful Frog was perched on a branch. "I'll show you all how to fly," he

roaked. Hoo! bet you will! screeched Judge Owl, swooping down and seizing Chief Fretful Frog by his hind foot and his long fuzzy tail. The tail came right off in Judge Owl's claw. for it was only a string of pussy wil-low blooms stuck together, but Judge low blooms stuck together, but Judge Owl hung on to the hind foot until he was above a fir tree.

"Now fly!" hooted Judge Owl, and he let Chief Fretful Frog fall. Chief Fretful Frog spread out his arms and legs, but of course they weren't witgs even if they were feathered, and down came Chief Fretful Frog, bounding from branch to branch of the fir tree until he hit the ground with a bump that knocked all the creaks out of him for a week

for a week.

"Hee-haw! Back to the bogs I'll kick you frogs!" brayed Balky Sam, and he swept down upon the frogs.

Now the feathered frogs had been very brave when they thought that their queer feathers and their talk of magic were searches. their queer feathers and their talk of magic were scaring Peggy, Billy and Balky Sam, but now that these big, feathered creatures—which they didn't know were the children and the army mule changed as they themselves had been changed—came rushing at them the flying frogs didn't wait to try the charm of their bulging goggly eyes. They flew—not as birds fly, but as frogs fly, by leaps and bounds. And they flew so fast that they reached the pools in the marshes just one leap shead of flew so fast that they reached the pools in the marshes just one leap ahead of Balky Sam. Plunk, plunk, plunkety-plunk! they dived into the water by dozens, by scores, by hundzeds until there wasn't a frog in sight. Every frog was back home and glad to get there.

And now Peggy went flying back. back, until she, too, found herself home, with the warm South Wind fanning her face.

ning her face.

"Blow, South Wind, blow!" sang
Peggy. "Blow the birds back to
Birdland. Their nests are safe and

waiting for them. (Next week will be told how the wild geese bring a gift to Peggy and Billy.) SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Prepaid

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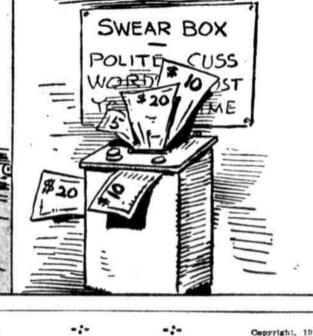
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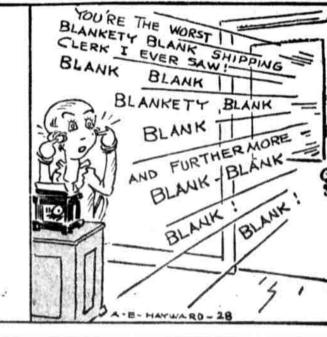
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By Hayward









DOROTHY DARNIT—Danger Was Just Bubbling Over

-:-HOLD THIS DANGER HURRY UP MAMA AND WAIT HERE WANTS THESE THINGS TILL I COME OUT OF THE STORE





By Chas. McManus